

couriers were scouring the country to rouse the Catholic and even the temporising Protestant lords, and hastening with the great news to France, and to Denmark, where Bothwell had found an asylum. In a few days, Cassilis, Huntly, Montrose, Sutherland, Errol, Argyll, and others had responded to her summons, with a few thousand retainers. - Moray was only a few miles distant at Glasgow when the news reached him. Retreat, as he said, was certain ruin. Negotiation was out of the question, even when backed with the offer of forgiveness and reconciliation. The sword alone could decide the issue, and in response to a hasty summons he was joined by a force better equipped, if not larger, than that which had gathered around Mary's standard. At Langside not only two armies, but two contending religious and political creeds, met in deadly shock. Happily for Protestantism and political liberty (in view of the future at all events), Moray and his adherents won the day by their valour and their discipline, which Kirkcaldy of Grange knew how to turn to good account. They lost, it is said, but a single man, while five hundred of their enemies lay killed or wounded on the ground, and their loss in the headlong flight would have been much greater.

but for the merciful generosity of the regent, who checked the pursuit in order to save life. Mary, who watched from a hill within view of the battle the disordered onrush of her henchmen through the straggling village, and saw them reel under the fire of Moray's musketeers posted in the houses and behind the garden walls, saw them, too, struggle forward and close with the lines beyond, saw them break and flee after less than an hour's encounter—Mary and her cause were lost for ever, and another wild gallop, over moor and by-road, into the night and on into the next day to Dun-drennan Abbey on the Solway, was the desolating outcome of two weeks of hope and liberty. There was only one way of escape, and that lay across the Solway to England, to evasive hospitality, humiliation, imprisonment, and twenty years of a wretched existence of desperate intrigue, with the block as the grim finale.

Even yet her spirit was unbroken, and she passed over to the English shore of the Solway, hopeful of the spell that her personality and her misfortunes would wield on the English